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MONDAY, FEBRUARY 17, 1908.

Who Is the Joke On?

The joke is on somebody, so far as Postmaster Northrup, of Pensacola, Fla., is concerned. Notwithstanding the fact that his nomination was definitely rejected by the Senate last winter, he still holds on, with departmental approval. The Postmaster General says he can't help it; it was a recess appointment in the beginning, and although the Senate has frowned upon it, under the law he can do nothing until the gentleman's successor is appointed and qualified, the which the President is in no particular hurry about.

Here's a kettle of fish—and not without its highly humorous attributes! What profiteth the Senate its solemn right of "advising and consenting" to Executive appointments if said "advising and consenting" may be jokingly juggled in this wise? Does it not make the "most august deliberative body on earth" look like something in the nature of a monkey? Or, perhaps more politely, like 39 cents? Naturally, people like to laugh at the Senate—the staid, sedate, and dignified old Senate. But, honestly and on the level, how can we help it, under circumstances such as these? A wooden Indian would guffaw in the crisis.

Yes, undoubtedly, the joke is on some one—and, really, it doesn't appear to be the President; nor yet the postmaster. We think it's on the Senate of the United States; and we think it's one of the funniest, jolliest jokes of the season. When it comes to the consideration of a standard of justice, Mr. Roosevelt occupies one that is unique in all history, so far as matters of this kind are concerned. There doesn't appear to be any question of the legal status of the gentleman in Pensacola; he is just as much postmaster as if he had Senatorial approval written all over him, and he will be, until the President gets good and ready to name his successor!

Not since Bellamy Storer shot athwart the horizon has the President furnished anything quite so piquant as this!

The Good Side of the Corporation.

Some better aspects of the modern industrial corporation are suggestively presented in an address recently delivered at Columbia University by George W. Perkins, the New York banker. Mr. Perkins believes, as do most economic observers, that the corporation is a permanent, and even a beneficent, feature of the industrial order. Corporate management, he asserts, has effected great economies in production and distribution, has raised the standard of industrial efficiency, has encouraged and developed a higher order of business ability, has increased wages and given steadier employment to labor, and is exercising a strong influence for sounder general business conditions. He admits that corporations have made mistakes, that many of them have been hastily and improperly organized, and that, broadly speaking, the corporation is in a formative state. But the very immensity of corporate responsibility is forcing upon corporation managers a sense of public duty, and many of them are beginning to realize that they owe something to the people as well as to their stockholders.

"The corporations of the future," says Mr. Perkins, must be those that are semi-public servants, serving the public, with ownership widespread among the public, and with labor so fairly and equitably treated that it will look upon its corporation as its friend and protector rather than as an ever-present enemy, above all, believing in it so thoroughly that it will invest its savings in the corporation's securities and become working partners in the business." The wider distribution of corporate holdings, which is welcomed alike by the corporation manager and the economist as tending toward the democratization of industrial ownership and the stability of industrial enterprise, has curiously enough made remarkable strides as a result of the depression in security values. In spite of the outcry against corporations, Mr. Perkins gives a few facts worth reproducing:

"During the past year the stockholders of the Great Northern Railway have increased in number from 2,800 to over 11,000. The stockholders of the Pennsylvania Railroad have increased from 9,000 to 15,000. The stockholders of the New York Central have increased from 10,000 to over 21,000. During the same period the number of stockholders in the Steel Corporation increased by over 30,000; the total number of individuals holding stock in that corporation now exceeds 100,000, and the average holding of the \$200.00 of stock of the Steel Corporation is today about 38 shares per person."

The extensive ownership of the modern corporation, as Mr. Perkins remarks, imposes a heavy responsibility upon both the corporation manager and the legislator. On this account Mr. Perkins welcomes government supervision, for the "responsibility of the management of a giant corporation is so great that the men in control should be glad to have it shared by proper public officials representing the people in a governmental capacity." He thinks corporation managers generally would welcome such supervision, if it were exercised by the States, with their varying ideas and laws. It is Mr. Perkins' opinion the national supervision does not necessarily imply the mixing of business with politics; it implies supervision by practical men well versed in the affairs they have to supervise. What the business interests dread is unintelligent and inexperienced administration, not expert and impartial supervision. Mr. Perkins maintains, for

example, that a railroad board of control composed entirely of railroad men, would not be especially partial to railroad interests, but that its members would acquire the public view of the railroad situation and greatly improve the level of governmental administration.

Mr. Perkins offers the novel suggestion that the accumulation of large fortunes in the future may be curtailed through the operation of corporations. He points out that corporations provide a large number of positions, carrying with them handsome annual salaries, in place of firms with comparatively few partners whose profits enabled them to amass fortunes in a few years. A corporation manager, too, may earn the interest on a handsome fortune, but the fortune does not pass with him to his heirs, and his position must be filled by another man of equal ability. The opportunity for the accumulation of great wealth is gone, but every encouragement is given to the success of merit and fitness. If the corporation really tends to these results, it is doing something to bring about an ideal industrial order.

You may whitewash or bolster Taft's boom as you will, but the scent of the pie counter clings to it still.

Crime and Its Suppression.

Every city has a criminal element that it must keep under close and constant surveillance; an underworld from which emerges, now and then, a footpad, or burglar, or, possibly, a murderer, who gives practical and deplorable evidence of the existence of such an element.

Washington, unhappily, if naturally, is no exception to the rule here laid down. The proof has been all too apparent in recent days.

But when shocked by the commission of crime, a community should not, though it often does, become panicky and at once imagine itself confronted by uncontrolled lawlessness of the most agrat stamp. It is the easiest thing in the world to conjure up, in the imagination, an epidemic of crime when such a thing does not actually exist. A state of mind equally accessible sees the police department made up of a lame, stupid, blundering set of men, utterly impotent to cope with lawbreakers, and fitted only for dress parade, when, as a matter of fact, they are wide-awake, and, as a whole, vigilant and capable.

The unreasoning citizen, properly outraged and humiliated by an assault or robbery or murder of the most atrocious kind, gives no thought to the hundreds of other criminals, always in our midst, that are kept under subjection. The lawbreaker punished is eclipsed by the lawbreaker unpunished of justice.

All this is as old as time. No amount of editorializing will change it. Human nature is the same here, there, and everywhere. Not so long ago New York hysterically went through the trying ordeal of a reign of terror when an epidemic of crime was created by the mad imaginings of a yellow and irresponsible press.

Washington fortunately is sober-minded, as becomes one of the most orderly cities of the universe. It is not given to hysteria or cursed by newspaper sensationalism. But it does sometimes forget the good things it enjoys—the general safety of life and property—in its just condemnation of the crimes that periodically befall it.

In the cases of crime now in point and which call for the keenest vigilance and the utmost activity, The Washington Herald, having confidence in the police department, ventures to believe that all is being done that it is humanly possible to do to bring the criminals to justice. If, therefore, bespeaks for the superintendent, the corps of detectives, and the force, as a body, a fair deal on the part of the community.

A greater number of patrolmen is needed—has long been needed—but really it is not in order to denounce those we now have and incidentally to advertise this as a criminal-ridden Capital while waiting for what we need.

Why is it that men arise in Congress and say, "Sir, I know very little about the merits of this question," and then proceed to talk eleven pages in the Record concerning it?

An Escape from a Naval Luxury.

The naval appropriation bill omits the provision for continuing the work of establishing a naval base and dock yard at Guantanamo, Cuba. The incident is striking, inasmuch as the bill provides with liberality for all other naval stations beyond continental limits—the station in the Hawaiian Islands and those at Guam, Culebra, and Cavite receiving the allotments in full as recommended in the departmental estimates. Even Olongapo comes in for an appropriation, despite the fact that it has been decided to abandon that place as the site for a naval base on the Asiatic station in favor of a less vulnerable and more accessible location in the neighborhood of Manila.

It is well that Guantanamo is omitted from any Congressional provision in this respect, for the reason that there is most excellent official opinion decidedly against establishing an American naval base at that particular place in Cuba. It is regarded as a site which may be easily captured, or, at least, held in control by an enemy from the adjacent hills. There has been some expenditure of the public funds at Guantanamo in the way of fitting it out as a naval dock yard, and while that may be regarded as lost, it is well that the mistake shall not proceed so far as it did in the case of the naval station at Port Royal, S. C., where, after a large sum of money had been expended, the Navy Department decided to abandon it to the elements, and its tangible assets are now being offered for sale to the highest bidder, with some difficulty in awakening any profitable interest in the movable property. The government has since established a navy yard at Charleston, in the same State, and is making liberal appropriations for its equipment.

It seems hardly necessary to remark that it would be well for the naval authorities to ascertain the disadvantages, as well as the advantages, of a proposed site for a naval base before appropriations are sought from Congress. The greatest amount of Congressional resistance has been necessary in order to prevent Guantanamo from being a costly hole in the ground, but prudence and sagacity appear to have combined at the Capitol to place a curb upon the enthusiasm of some advisers of the department, who would, if they had their way, repeat at Guantanamo the wanton extravagance of Port Royal. A similar costly error has been avoided at Olongapo by a discussion of the situation in the Philippines and the decision that the naval base should be in the neighborhood of Manila. There are times when Congressional procrastination is quite as much an occasion for celebration as any amount of precipitate legislative liberality.

When "Uncle Joe" was defeated for Congress in 1891, Mr. Roosevelt is quoted as expressing himself thus concerning

it: "We cannot escape from the fact that it was no credit to the Republican party of the House that Mr. Cannon, of Illinois, should be one of its leaders." We suppose we cannot escape from the people who persist in digging up unpleasant recollections like this, either.

"An unfortunate, struggling, down-trodden race," said Mr. Taft of the colored brother in his Kansas City speech. Especially and peculiarly about the time delegates are getting ripe.

Senator Dick appears to have been completely lost in the shuffle.

Oh, the rare delight of being an ex-Paraphraser's Unionist; then one may brag around among rare old jokes, and walk right up to the infinitive and spit it without batting an eye!

Before making up its mind to support Mr. Orin for Congress, the Houston Post will, we trust, observe the anti-Bryan activities of Congressman Leake.

The man who started the Witz vom row is certainly an undesirable citizen. The pros are digging up a lot of stuff about Andersonville, only to be faced by the cons with a lot of stuff about Johnson's Island, all of which might just as well be forgotten; and when the argument is concluded—if it ever is—nobody will have changed his or her opinion in the slightest. What's the use?

"Quite a number of newspapers in the North are continually discussing the problem of cheaper gas and some means of getting it. Why don't they pipe it from the Capitol at Washington?" asks the Montgomery Advertiser. There is no such thing as "cheap" gas at the Capitol—or anywhere else in this town, contemporary.

"Wantofcivility" is again epidemic in Florida," says the Jacksonville Times-Union. Previous attacks provide no immunity, either.

We suppose there will always be people in Texas anxious to bite off their noses to spite their faces, so long as Joe Bailey remains in the United States Senate.

"Some people take the Foraker boom like they would board a horse punies," says the Cleveland Plain Dealer. And some take the Taft boom like they would a dose of raw quinine—and there you are!

Senator Aldrich, however, doesn't care who does the financial talking, so long as his little bill is the only one with the ghost of a show to pass.

Chicago is seeking to collect \$120,000 back taxes from one of its millionaires, upon the ground that the gentleman owes the money. A corps of distinguished lawyers will now proceed to demonstrate the utter absurdity and ridiculousness of such a plea.

Whatever may be said of Miss Shonta's problem, the preachers and linotype operators of this land will thank her for picking out one with a name not calculated to drive them crazy, anyhow.

Now that the Hargis-Cockrell feud is at an end—we believe that is the proper designation—Breathitt shows a disposition to get real mad at somebody connected with it. At least, Beech Hargis has been refused bond.

Rumor had the Shah of Persia assassinated Friday last—rumor only, luckily for his majesty.

Surely, the Hon. Hoke Smith's Georgians and Senator Tillman's South Carolinians will be able to find some satisfactory solution of that North Augusta dispensary problem? That is, of course, if it really is worrying anybody.

"Making love is easier than making money," observes Mr. Paul Cook, in the Birmingham Age-Herald, who appears to be something of an authority on matters of that kind. We suspect, however, that he merely refers to counterfeit love and money.

So the lady in the Caruso case has been yanked into court for fighting and looking upon the beer not wisely but too well. Perhaps, after all, there was considerable monkey business in that Caruso prosecution besides the variety legally established.

Mrs. Hetty Green intimates that it will be a mighty smart panic that catches her napping; thus confining an all but universal suspicion.

"Speaker Cannon declares that he never swore in his life. What, never?" asks the Columbia State, Well, hardly ever!

A Philadelphia woman has endowed a bed in a hospital for the exclusive use of people injured in automobile accidents. In any city less slow than Philadelphia, she would have endowed, at least, a ward full of beds.

The Chattanooga Times is "venturing" to opine what Mr. John Temple Graves will say at a forthcoming Independence League banquet. Isn't that something like rushing in where angels fear to tread?

A New York paper says "Mr. Rockefeller has been asked to prevent vivisection," according to the Baltimore News. And yet some people insist that Mr. Rockefeller's specialty has been "skinning people alive."

Missouri decides to go to Taft boom half a delegation, anyhow.

Spoils and the Census.

From the Springfield Republican.
But the demoralization and loss to the government and the people from the lodgment of the spoils system in the Census Office do not seem to be the least of the census work under a farcical examination or none at all are likely afterward to secure transfer to other and reformed branches of the Federal service, and so it is that they are at last, a Congressional spoilsman are able to rush a large drove of their political proteges within the folds of the classified service through the gap in the fences of the merit system left by the Census Bureau.

Let us see to it that they are at last, compelled to close up that opening also. Fortunately, we now have a President who is alive to the spoils evil and strong and courageous in his fight against it. Let us see to it that they are at last, a census bill not providing for competitive selection of persons to take the next decennial enumeration.

On Guard.

From the Boston Transcript.
A man tried to steal two blond tresses from a counter in a New York hair store, but the watchful nightgown held him until the police arrived. She was not asleep at the switch!

Some Words Safe.

From the Cincinnati Commercial-Tribune.
One good thing is that while the simplified spellers reduce "debt" one-fourth by spelling it "det," they can't reduce Cash.

Good Point for Observation.

From the St. Louis Post-Dispatch.
By remaining under the ground for the next six or eight weeks the ground hog may witness some very interesting politics.

One Difference.

From the Philadelphia Telegraph.
A woman can shop all day on the money that wouldn't take a man any farther than the first saloon.

In the Pacific.

From the Philadelphia Ledger.
Japan's pacific attitude is often mentioned, but its Pacific Ocean attitude is the subject of real interest.

A LITTLE NONSENSE.

IDEALS ALTER.

A girl's ideal at seventeen
Must have fine eyes;
Likewise a bold and striking mien
And faultless ties.

But later on her fancies roam
To one who'll bring his wages home.
A man's ideal at seventeen
Must be a spry;
A dainty, duffy, daff queen
Or sheer delirium.

But later on her sort of feels
He wants a girl who can cook meals.

Incorrigible.

"Yes; I could have once bought the site of the Palmer House in Chicago for a brass pickin' an' seven Mexican dollars."
"An' you wouldn't invest?"
"No; I couldn't look that far ahead."
"My friend, you lost a great chance; but there are others. What say you to some old ship stock at a low figure?"
And still the man wouldn't invest.

Willing to Buy.

"I haven't tasted liquor for thirty-nine years."
"Um!"
"I say I haven't tasted liquor for nine and thirty years, sir, is that a boast or a hint?"

A Starter.

"Once a man killed seven men and married the girl they all wanted."
"What about it?"
"Nothing. Only if you will write 120,000 words around this, you'll have an elegant six-best-seller."

Not At To.

"I will tell all."
"Sure, sure, do, baw!"
"But once a week, by jing!"
"But down to date."
"I wish to state."
"We haven't heard a thing."

Not a Joke Buckster.

"You seem to like him."
"Oh, fairly well."
"Yet he never has any save hard-luck stories!"
"That suits me. It's easier to simulate sorrow than to pretend to be amused."

Mav's Request.

"Anything you want in the city, Marlar?"
"Yes, paw. Bring me some of that sub-way jam I've read so much about."

Among Girls.

"Yes," said she defiantly. "I admit that I kissed him."
"Did he put up much of a struggle?" inquired her best girl friend.

TIDINGS OF THE TIMES.

From the Kansas City Times.

LITTLE AND LONG.

One James Little loved a maiden
As did also one John Long;
Both would call with bonbons laden
And on flowers both were strong.

Best show tickets both kept buying,
Hoping thus to please the maid,
Each one with the other vying—
Competition's good for trade.

Both of them the maiden ardent
Used to meet with smiling eyes,
But when each poured out his heartfelt
Gave indefinite replies.

So she kept them both a-guessing,
But she hummed a little song.
To herself her thoughts expressing:
"Love Me Little, Love Me Long."

Boards.

"They say lumber is scarce."
"They do?"
"Yet there are lots of boards composed mainly of wooden heads and sticks."

Very Singular.

Let others talk about their clothes
Yet I will not. O, no;
'Tis more beauteous, goodness knows,
To talk about my eye.

Warm Welcome.

"James, what do we mean by the expression, 'a royal welcome'?"
"Ah! sure, Miss Prim, but I guess its meetin' folks with bombs, pistols, and daggers."

Heros.

"But, father, how can you object to him? He's like the hero of a romance."
"That's just it. He's all sentiment and foolhardiness and hasn't a grain of common sense."

A TALE OF ANCIENT ROME.

A maiden—it was in the days
Of Nero, Christian butler—
In the arena had to face
A tiger, and it ate her.

But when the tiger had retired,
So runs the ancient story,
A noble lion's ire was fired
By seeing it so gory.

Cried Lion: "Now you've eaten her
Is not your sorrow greater?"
But Tiger answered him: "No, sir,
Instead, I'm glad-to-eat-er."

TAKES HIM AT HIS WORD.

Col. Watterson Refused to Believe in Third-Term Intrigue.

Henry Watterson, in Louisville Courier Journal.
Now, for my part, I refuse to question the integrity of Theodore Roosevelt. A year ago, when it was printed in these columns that he had said to a clump of newspaper men: "Why can't you believe in me—why can't you trust me? I tell you that if the convention nominates me, and adjourns, I will have to reassemble, for I will never accept its nomination. That only shows how hard it is for the people to get at the truth from the newspapers. Yet in the most solemn and formal manner the President has repeated the assurance, and still there are those who affect to believe he is scheming for a third term."

It is a trifling discourtesy. Either Mr. Roosevelt is a madman or his third-term friends and enemies are exceeding shallow. To me, the President seems a man who he will make his exit from the White House the 4th of March, 1909.

The Hope of the Poor.

From the St. Louis Globe-Democrat.
Every age the poor are better off, says a hopeful and optimistic preacher. Yes, all they have to do is to wait a few ages.

UTILITY BILL.

Big Bill Taft, in St. Albans, and states:
You couldn't guess his size if you haven't seen him lately.
A middle-weight before and a heavy-weight after—
Memorable, tremendous.

Big Bill Taft.

Big Bill Taft, as gentle as a mother,
To still the fretful wall of the middle-aged mother,
Reverent to voice, but Draconian to craft,
Navigating, hitherto.

Big Bill Taft.

Big Bill Taft can melt a desperado,
Or hypnotize a King, or jolly a Midado;
He smiles his little smile, and the loving cup is
Quaffed—
Humorist, eulogist.

Big Bill Taft.

Big Bill Taft has problems to unravel;
He hasn't any home, he's always on the travel,
By canal or railroad, by submarine or raft,
Dedicated, consecrated.

Big Bill Taft.

Big Bill Taft, indeed we like to see you;
We want to see you, we'd like time to lose
3000;
So keep your brains dry, be careful of a draft,
All-essential, presidential.

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CAPITOL GOSSIP.

Representative Joseph A. Goulden has sprung into the limelight as a champion of the superannuated clerks on the government pay rolls. In an impassioned speech recently he forcibly pictured the injustice of throwing them out into the cold, cold world.

Mr. Goulden represents one of the districts in New York County. He was born in Pennsylvania. In the latter part of the civil war, during the years 1864 and 1865, he served in the navy. At the close of the war he engaged in the insurance business, and is now manager of a company in New York City.

Always interested in the public schools, and working for their progress continually, secured for Mr. Goulden the place of commissioner and trustee, which position he held for ten years.

He is a member of the board of trustees of the Soldiers' Home, Bath, N. Y., and was secretary of the commission that erected the Soldiers' and Sailors' Monument in Riverside Park, New York City. He has represented his district since the Fifty-eighth Congress.

His committees are Accounts, Merchant Marine, and Fisheries.

If Representatives Cushman and Bede are not careful, Representative Longworth will capture the title of practical joker of the House. While the legislative appropriation bill was under consideration, Mr. Longworth asked Mr. Gillett why the checks which members of Congress sign in obtaining clerk hire had printed on the back of them the legend, "If indorsement is made by a cross (x), it must be witnessed by two persons who can read and write, giving their place of residence in full."

Mr. Longworth continuing: "Why is such a provision necessary, and how many of the members avail themselves of it?"

The question provoked much amusement. Mr. Gillett quickly responded: "I don't think it was adopted with any personal reference to the gentleman from Ohio. It is on all government checks."

"As an administrative order," suggested Mr. Tawney.

Besides looking after the interests of Walla Walla and among friends with the late friends of Senator Anthony, Representative Jones has quite a number of things to do in the House.

He is interested in pushing the Alaska-Yukon-Pacific Exposition bill through that strange committee on Ways and Means out onto the House floor, where he and Representative Humphrey expect to see it pass.

But Mr. Jones is also interested in other things in the great State of Washington. He is interested in its surveyor general.

During the debate Saturday on the question of raising the salaries of these measures of the public domain, Mr. Jones expressed the justice of this amendment, and sat grimly and watched man after man bowed over on a point of order, when he tried to get amendment calling for the raise considered by the House.

Mr. Jones thought, Why did all these men get this bowled over? At last it struck him. They all wanted too much. When the clerk came to Washington he read out the same prologue to the same story, and Mr. Jones sent forward the same familiar slip of paper. But the slip differed. Mr. Jones asked for \$250, an increase of only \$50 a year.

No sooner had the clerk finished reading the amendment than Mr. Jones said: "Mr. Chairman, I see that the committee appreciates the justice of this amendment, and I ask for a vote."

The vote stood very much against Mr. Jones' amendment, but the Congressional Record shows that his ally was greeted with "laughter and applause," and, besides, he showed his indignation, which is terribly rare in Congress this session.

One of the interesting members of the House is Representative Morris Sheppard, of Texas. He is only thirty-three years old, of slight build, unassuming manner, and in no way suggests a rafter.

His speech, early in the session, advocating replacing the motto, "In God we trust," on the gold coins attracted much attention to the young orator from Texas. Nothing thus far has been heard of his approach the brilliancy of his effort.

It is said not to be comparable with Senator Bailey's beautiful apostrophe to the State of Texas, delivered three years ago, which was considered by the older Senators as a modern classic.

Mr. Sheppard's oration, however, was of wider interest, treating as it did a broader theme, and one engaging the public at that time.